



# THE Surprizing Adventures

OF

Jack Oakum, & Tom Splicewell



*... who are Fathers, live but in their People,*

DRYD. DON. 3226

AT the conclusion of the war, Jack Oakum and Tom Splicewell, two sailors, who had been some time ashore, and had spent the produce of their last voyage; after a small time with their Wapping Landlady, who was called Mother Double-Chalk, began not only to look coolly upon them, but also according to custom, when the money was gone, to behave rough towards them; and they not being engaged again into any service, began to scheme how they should raise a little money for their present use; and, after several proposals made between them, that still met some objection, one of them at length said Zounds! methinks, what think you of a trip or two for a venture, a privateering about these coasts a little? in my mind w

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The first said, 'We might pick up a prize or two, without firing a shot.' Aye, replied the other, but suppose we should be taken, will not a court martial hang us for piratical Zoons! said the other; we must take what care we can not to be taken; and be sure not to cruize out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why we must croud all the sail we can, and be sure never to strike as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture, and out they set with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of broomsticks. And when they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them seeing a gentleman coming towards them, says he to the other,—  
'Damme Jack! this is a prize worth boarding: shall we bring him in? he seems well rigged and loaded.'—  
So he does, replied the other; and with that they both made ready for the attack. And when the gentleman came up to them, they both brandished their weapons, and he, who was Comandore, saluted him as follows:—

“I have no blood; my life, but we  
must have some money from you!  
“or else, by G—d, you shall have a  
broadside!” The gentleman, finding  
by their arms, manner, and language,  
that they were but young in their bu-  
siness, answered them thus:—“Well  
gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors,  
and good hearty cocks, do not use  
me ill, and you shall be welcome to  
what money I have about me, with  
all my heart, was it ten times as  
much.” With that he presents them  
with about three shillings and six-  
pence.—“Here, gentlemen, says he,  
“is all the money I have at present,  
“and I wish it was more for your sakes.”  
—The sailors, seeing the gentleman  
so good natured, seemed quite satisfi-  
ed; took the money; told him it was  
enough, and wished him a good voy-  
age. But they had not gone far with  
their booty, before they were pursued;  
for the gentleman telling the adven-  
ture just after, to some people that he  
met, the posse was raised; and in less  
than half an hour, one of them was  
taken, the other, by some means or  
other made his escape. The next sel-

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*Jack Oakley, & Tom Sparrowell.*

fions at the Old Bailey, my young Commodore was convicted of felony, and sentenced to be hang'd; though the simplicity of the proceeding, made many people sorry for him. After this misfortune his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, though he had escaped himself; for no body had yet enquired or sought after him about it. But Jack resolved to spare no pains, if possible, to save his poor messmate's life. And being one day at their rendezvous, talking about it, with another of his old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries—'Sblood, Tom! I have a good mind I'd write a letter for him to the King myself, I am told that no body else can pardon him; and I fancy that would be the most likely way to do the business; only I cannot tell who to get to carry it, and deliver it to him.'—'Zoom!' cries the other, 'I like your scheme, Jack! and if you can write it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to him ourselves' (and then we will be sure that he will have it)



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‘for I never saw the King in my life.’  
— ‘Nor I neither,’ replies the other,  
‘and by G—d Tom! if you will go  
‘with me to him, I will write a letter  
‘immediately, and by the mess, I will  
‘not turn my back to any man in Eng-  
‘land, either for writing or spelling.’  
— Here, the other answering with  
an oath, that he would be as good as  
his word; and go with him. Jack cal-  
led immediately for pen, ink, and pa-  
per, but as he was going to begin his  
polite epistle, a great blotch of ink  
dropped from his pen upon the top of  
his paper. Jack never called for any  
more, but wiping it with his finger  
along the sheet, he began and wrote  
as follows:

*An please your King ship,*

**T**HIS is to let you know, that my mess-  
mate Tom Splicewell is condemn’d to  
be hang’d; for you must know, he was  
foolish enuff to set out a privateering,  
without applying to the admirality for  
leave; and the first prize he took, gave  
some intelligence of his course, so that he  
was chased by a whole Squadron, and  
soon after taken and carried into port.

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Jack Oakum, & Tom Splicewell. 7  
However, he's a very honest fellow, I  
assure you, and by G—d as good a seaman  
as e'er slept between stem and stern. He  
shall Not and Splice, Reef, and Handle  
a Sail, Steer, and Rig a Ship, with e'er  
a man in the navel; and that's a double  
word: and if you'll be so kind as to order  
his discharge, I dare swear he'll never  
be guilty of such another crime, as long  
as he lives, which will also very much  
oblige,

your humble servant,

JACK OAKUM.

From the Ship Alehouse,  
in Wapping. Witness,  
THOMAS FLIPLOVE, Shipmate.

When Jack had finished the above  
letter, and the other set his hand to  
it, as a proof of his approbation, and  
the truth of its contents, they sealed  
it up and directed it as follows:

*This for the King, with speed.*

As soon as this was done, without  
further delay, out they set, to deliver  
their letter, as directed; and all the  
way they went they enquired where  
the King lived. At last when they  
came into the Strand, near Charing-

3     *The surprising discovery of*  
Cous, a gentleman who was just come  
out of St. James's, hearing them en-  
quire so earnestly for the King, stepped  
up to them, and demanded thus:—  
• Hark ye, my lads, what do you want  
• with the King? pray, have you any  
• express for his Majesty? An express?  
• no! (answers one of them) we have  
• no express, nor do not know what  
• you mean; but we have got a letter  
• for him and want to deliver it to him  
• if we can:—What! (replies the gen-  
• tleman) to the King himself, King  
• himself, aye, to the King himself,  
• (cries the sailor) suppose it was to  
• the Lord High Admiral, what of  
• that?—Why my lad, replied the gen-  
• tleman, If it be a thing of conse-  
• quence, you may easily see the  
• King, for he is walking in the Mall.  
• —I saw him there within these ten  
• minutes myself.—What sir, demands  
• Jack, is he walking there alone?—  
• No, replies the gentleman, there are  
• a great many of the nobility and gen-  
• try along with him.—How may a  
• body know that, cries Jack, which  
• is he?—why, says the gentleman  
• again, the King is a very well look-



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*Jack Cade, or The Salisbury*

ing man, and you may know him  
by a star on his left breast and a blue  
ribbon hanging from his neck.

By this time a number of people  
were gathered about the sailors; and  
hearing what had passed betwixt them  
and the gentleman, (as before,) after  
the sailors had thanked him, they pro-  
ceeded, and the mob resolved to bear  
them company in their embassy. So  
that by the time they had got to the  
park, their attendants was increased  
to several hundreds. But just as they  
came to the end of the Mall, they hap-  
pened to meet a Nobleman, who in  
some measure answered the description  
which the gentleman had given of the  
King, being a Knight of the Garter,  
with his star and ribbon — Jack no  
sooner saw him, but he roared out to  
his companion — ‘By G—d Tom,  
‘here is the King! Now for it! — So  
after feeling for the letter, he stepped  
up to the nobleman, and saluted him  
thus: — ‘Your humble servant, Sir;  
‘Pray, are you the King? — No, friend,  
‘(replied his lordship) I am not in-  
‘deed. Pray, may do you ask me  
‘that question? — Nay, sir, (re-  
turn-

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ed the sailor) I beg your pardon! I hope no offence! But I was told just now, by a gentleman, that he is rigged much in the same trim as you are; so that I did not know but you might be him.—Have you any dispatches for his majesty, demands the nobleman, that you are in such quest of him.—Spatches! yes, sir, quoth Jack, I have; I have a letter for him, and must deliver it into his own hand, if I can find him.—The gentleman imagining that there might be something more than common in this reincounter, told them, that if they pleased he would go back with them, and not only shew them the King, but would also introduce them to him. Upon which the sailors thanked him for his good-will, and away they went together. When they came to about the middle of the Mall, they met his Majesty; and the nobleman going up to him, in a low voice, acquainted him with what had passed between him and the sailors; and pointing to them, desired his Majesty would please to permit them to deliver their letter to him.—By all means, my

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*Jack Oakum, & Tom Spicerwell.* 21  
lord, replied the King.—With that he  
beckoned the sailors to approach.—  
‘Here, my lads, says his lordship,  
‘this is his majesty, if you have any  
‘letter for him, you may deliver it.’  
—Here Jack advanced, with his hand  
to his hat, but without pulling it off,  
and having come pretty near the King,  
said to him,—‘Pray, Sir, are you the  
‘King?—Yes, Sir, answered his Ma-  
‘jesty smiling, I believe so—Then sir,  
‘says Jack, there’s a letter for you  
‘and please you.’—The King look-  
ing hard at the fellow, could not help  
smiling at his blunt uncourtly ad-  
dress; but he took the letter, and look-  
ing upon the superscription, fell a  
laughing, and shewed it all round to  
the nobles that attended him. Jack  
seeing the King look so pleasantly, says  
to his shipmate,—‘by G—d, Tom,  
‘I believe it will do; the King seems  
‘in a very good humour.’—and when  
his Majesty had read the letter, he de-  
livered it to the nobleman who intro-  
duced the sailor to him.—‘Look here  
‘my lord, says he, read that letter,  
‘and learn a new diction. Upon my  
‘honour, this fellow has no deceit in

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him; I dare say it is his own hand  
writing, and his own dictating too.  
However this I may say to his cred-  
it, that his stile and behaviour are  
both honest towards me; for he hath  
neither troubled me with compli-  
ments in the one, or ceremonies in  
the other.—So, turning to the sailor,  
he said to him who gave him the let-  
ter, 'Well friend, as this is the first  
evidence, (upon the account of your  
kind letter here) you may let your  
friend know, that I will pardon him  
this time; but let him take care that  
he never transgresses so again.'—  
'An't please you Sir, (quoth Jack) I  
dare say he never will; and if you  
will tak' care that he shall not be  
hanged this time, I'm sure Tom's a  
very honest fellow, and will be very  
thankful to you.—Well, said his Ma-  
jesty, you may assure yourself that  
he shall not die for this time, and  
you may let him know that I shall  
save his life, for the sake of your let-  
ter here.'—'Aye, Sir, said the sailor,  
'but how may a body be sure that you  
will not forget it?'—'Why replied  
the King, you may take my word for

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*Jack Oakum, & Tom Spicerwell: 19*  
‘ it, I will not forget it.’—‘Caute, if  
‘ you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they  
‘ may hang him, and you never be  
‘ the wiser. But if once we should get  
‘ him a shipboard with us, by the  
‘ blood! but you must then ask the  
‘ Captain first, or a thousand of you  
‘ could not hang him.’—‘Why then,  
‘ replied the King, if you will take  
‘ care and get him a shipboard as soon  
‘ as he is at liberty, I will take care  
‘ he shall be discharged in a very few  
‘ days.’—‘Sir replied the sailor, I re-  
‘ turn your Kingship a great many  
‘ thanks; and I am sure poor Tom will  
‘ be ready to hang himself for joy that  
‘ he is to go on board again; and by  
‘ the mess! there is no good to be got  
‘ staying so long on shore’—So, he  
made the King a low bow, hitches up  
his trowsers, tacked himself about,  
and steered off in triumph, that his  
polite letter had saved his messenger’s  
life. And the story says, that the King  
and his attendants, were no less pleas-  
ed at the poor sailors embassy, than  
they were with the success of it.

THE END.



# THE MERRY REVENGE,

O. R.

## JOE'S STOMACH IN TUNE.

*Crude imposition's like a bow that's bent,  
To twang an arrow with an ill intent;  
Which being shot, the impenetrable mark,  
Redounds it back and wounds the marksmen's heart.*

ANONYM.

There are a sort of trades-people in the world, so selfish, and so ignorant, that they vainly imagine a billing extorted, or imposed, and extraordinarily put into the pocket, is all clear gains and good management; not considering that the smallest imposition may be liable to ruin their reputation for the future; and that a man may easier gain an ill repute than recover a good one. He that would make a fortune by public business, had much better under-sell than over-reach, for as much as the one brings custom to the shop, the other drives away. No man will patiently brook an imposition; nor do all men resent an abuse alike. However it behoves every

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*The Merry Revenge, &c.* 15

person, whose livelihood depends on the public, to be very tender how they offend them. — The following story is a true instance of a merry revenge upon one of these penurians, and the affair happened as follows.

Two merchants agreed, one Sunday in the spring, to take a ride ten or twelve miles out of town, and to dine at some ordinary in the country. Accordingly they pitched upon some village in Essex, where there was a twopenny ordinary every Sunday; but it happened, that after they were come to the house, and had acquainted the landlord that they intended to dine with him, that one of them was taken ill of a sudden, so that when dinner was brought upon the table, the gentleman could not bear the smell of it; but soon after growing something better, he ordered some wine to be made hot for him, with an egg beat up in it, and which soon recovered him again. An hour or two after this, the gentleman being again pretty well, they sat and drank a bowl of hot punch together and at last called for the reckoning: the landlord, out of his privacy



25 The library brought in  
manifacence, had charged the gentle-  
man that was ill, the same of his or-  
dinary, (although he never tasted of  
it) as he did all the rest, viz. a shilling  
for eating: what, says the gentleman,  
do you charge me a shilling for eat-  
ing? I suppose you mean for not eat-  
ing; you know very well I never sat  
down to your ordinary nor came near  
the table. I cannot help that, sir, re-  
plies the landlord, you said you came  
dinner with me; and had a knife and  
fork laid ready for you, and there was  
minerals enough, so that if you did  
not chuse to eat, that was no fault of  
mine; you were in the same company,  
and I should have been as well pleas-  
ed if you had eaten a hearty dinner,  
as none at all; it makes no difference  
to me; and I must not break through  
an established custom.—Very well,  
replies the gentleman) if it be an estab-  
lished custom, I do not desire you so  
much as to crack upon my account.  
—So they paid their reckoning, and  
away they went, but not very well  
pleased, as we may suppose, with their  
landlord's imposition, but when they  
were upon the road home again, says

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Joe's Stomach is Tamed.

one of them, I have a thought strike into my head, that if it be put in execution I fancy we may pay him in his own coin, and perhaps it may be a means of amending his manners for the future.—What is it? demands the other.—Why, replies he, what if we bring our Joe, the poet, to dine there next Sunday? Joe has the character of an eight or nine pounder upon occasion, and is a very humorous kind of a fellow into the bargain.—Egad, (says the other) you could not have thought of a better scheme; Joe is capable of giving us a feast, though the landlord should make us pay for fasting; I'll go half in the expences of the day with all my heart, and let's inform him of the thing to-morrow, that he may have time enough to prepare himself.—All this being agreed on between them, the next day they acquainted Joe with their plan for the next Sunday's recreation. Joe was over-joyed with the thoughts of the fine country side he was to have, and vowed he'd well revenge his master's quarrel. Accordingly, when the next Sunday came, they all three set out

18      *The Merry Revenge, &c.*  
together, and took two friends more  
with them, to partake of the sport.  
—Well, says one of them as they  
were going along, I hope Joe, your  
stomach is in good order.—Egad,  
master, says Joe, I must have a piece  
of bread and cheese presently, to keep  
the wind out of my stomach, or else  
I shall not be able to eat two pounds  
by that time dinner is ready.—Ay,  
ay, (says the gentleman) thou shalt  
have what thou wilt to eat and drink,  
so that you take care not to spoil your  
appetite till you come there; but be  
fore you don't call any of us master,  
but call us by our names, just as free  
as we do you, for to day we are all  
upon one footing. But, above all, be  
sure not to rise from the table hungry.  
Thus they went on diverting them-  
selves with the thoughts of approach-  
ing revenge; and Joe, to put his sto-  
mach in tune, stopped two or three  
miles before they came there, and  
snapped up a pound of bread and  
cheese, and a tankard of beer, and  
then he said he was right. When  
they came there, they acquainted the  
landlord they were come to dine with





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*Joe's Stomach in Tune.* 19

him, so putting their horses up, they all walked about the garden till dinner was ready, when Joe mounted the stage, without the least regard to either fear or mercy. The first thing that came upon the table was a dish of soup; Joe chose not any of that; he said it was too watery, and had no substance in it, but there being about nine or ten people more, besides the five, the soup was pretty well finished, and then comes a buttock of boiled beef, with carrots and greens; Joe fastens on this, and at the first stroke he cuts off a slice all round the whole piece, full two inches thick, and because it was too broad for his plate, he divided it in four quarters, and began to lay about him with a vengeance, saying, there was some meaning in a good piece of beef, and the first piece he put in his mouth, he swore it was very good, and he believed he should make his dinner on't. The company were all amazed when they looked upon his plate, and saw how he shovelled it into his mouth, and began to carve for themselves as fast as they could, lest they should not

20      *The Merry Revenge, &c.*  
each of them have a mouthful; but they had scarce helped themselves round before Joe's plate is empty, who began to whet his knife for a second trial; he hawks the dish to him, and round he goes again with another slice, very much inferior to his first, which surprized them all more than he had done before; but one of his companions asking him, if he would not help himself to some greens or carrots, he replied, they are too windy, and only serve to blow up the stomach, there's no substance in them: With that the drawer ran down stairs to his master as hard as he could drive—Egad, sir, says he, there's a man above stairs, that has eat above half the buttack of beef himself already, and there is not above a pound and an half of it left in the dish: he pitches it into his mouth as tho' he was filling an oven. Zounds, quoth the master, send up the breast of veal as fast as you can for your life, and I'll bring down what's left; so away he runs up stairs, to take a view of his new restaurant, but by that time he came up stairs, he had cleared up





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his plate a second time. In two minutes up comes a roasted breast of veal and the landlord going to take off the beef, (for there was not much of it left) Joe catches fast hold of the dish, and swore a great oath that he had not half dined, and in a moment whipped off the remainder of the boiled beef upon his own plate. — Hearing of that, the master runs down to his wife, with a very dejected countenance, and shewing her the empty dish that the buttock of beef went upon, he swore a great oath there would not be a morsel of victuals left for the family to dine on; so up he went again to be a woful spectator of Joe's wonderful performance; but now Joe, being pretty well cleared of the beef, began to lie by a little, and called for something to drink. By and-by, one of the company demanded of the landlord, what there was else for dinner? He replied, with a faint voice, gentlemen, I have nothing else but a boiled plumb pudding; I did not expect so much good company to day, continued he with a sigh, (and looking at the same time very hard upon Joe) or

22      The Merry Brewster, &c.  
I would really have provided something more.—No, no, replied Joe, it is very well we can make shift well enough; and I am very glad you have got a plum pudding, with all my heart, for I am fond of all sorts of pudding.—What then, says one of the gentlemen, would you taste the veal, sir?—I believe not, replies Joe, it is but a hungry sort of food, I had rather stay for the pudding. The rest of the company having had but a very small share of the beef, and now almost ended the veal, when the pudding made its appearance; and the landlord going to take of the small remnant that was left, Joe, who had fixed his Argus eyes upon it, stabs his fork fast into it, crying out, hold landlord, you shall not say but I'll taste it however, else perhaps you may be affronted, and when I am gone say I was nice, and could not eat roast veal.—So there was the third dish emptied, and all the company was much amazed, and stared at Joe, as tho' he had been the greatest prodigy in nature.—But here Joe, being a little cloyed called for a bumper of red wine,

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and having polished a little while upon  
the bones of his veal, still as he had finished  
ed them, he called for another bumper  
bumper of red wine, which he had  
no sooner tipped off but he called for  
another, and which made the company,  
pany, I mean the strangers, begin to  
think that he intended to drink as  
much as he had eaten.—Now, my  
gentlemen, few people that are  
of plumb-pudding know what it is  
it, or any thing of a proper manner  
it; and as most sorts of puddings are  
heavy and cloying, but a bumper of  
plumb-pudding, no faster can be  
ter to it than red wine, and the  
fine smartness of the wine helps to  
liate the pudding.—With that, he  
pours his bumper of red wine into his  
plate, and cuts full two thirds of what  
pudding was remaining in the dish.  
This crowned the whole work, for his  
companions seeing that, divided the  
other amongst them, and Joe was now  
admired as a prodigy indeed.

Some time after dinner was over,  
the landlord came up stairs, and de-  
sired to speak a word with one of Joe's  
friends.—Sir, says he, as that

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...ap-  
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...and-  
...that I  
...me  
...the common  
...for, upon my  
...to dress  
...family, or  
...without victuals.  
...the gentleman, I'd  
...my heart, but I know  
...nothing, for it might  
...you know, that he  
...world, and it is no  
...landlord, for  
...through an esta-  
...This answer con-  
...in an instant,  
...that this was only  
...which they had thus  
...in his own coin.

F I N I S.



